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VICE VERSA,
A FARCE,

IN ONE ACT,

—BY—

M. L. GLENN.

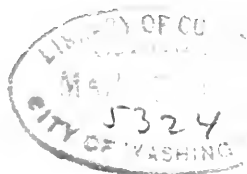
WITH THE STAGE BUSINESS, CAST OF CHARACTERS
RELATIVE POSITIONS, ETC.

—♦—

PRINTED FROM THE AUTHOR'S ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPT.

—♦♦♦—

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—CLYDE, OHIO:—
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VICE VERSA.

CHARACTERS.

GEO. PHILLIPS *Editor of a Country Paper*
CHAS. BROWN..... *Manager of a Country Paper*
OLD NEGRO WOMAN..... *Evidently on her Muscl^g*
JAEKY..... *Her Son*

SCENE—AN EDITOR'S OFFICE.

COSTUMES—MODERN.

TIME OF PERFORMANCE—THIRTY MINUTES.

TMP96-007318

VICE VERSA.

SCENE.--*An Editor's Private Office—Two chairs, a writing desk, with paper, ink, etc.*

Enter EDITOR, R., who takes a seat and begins writing. Enter JAKEY, L., stumbles over chair and falls on EDITOR'S desk.

Editor. You black imp, what do you mean by coming into my house in such a way?

Jakey. Dat's a mighty foolish question for as bright a lookin' old humpback as you is, to ask.

Ed. Look here, young man, mind how you talk. Now what brought you here?

Jakey. (*kicks EDITOR*) Dat's what brought me here?

Ed. (*seizes him*) You black imp, you, what do you mean by coming into my house and acting in such a manner as this? I'll have you arrested at once.

Jakey. Yes, dat would be a nice way to use a pusson dat was sent here to see you on partic'lar business, wouldn't it?

Ed. "Business?" Now I ask you once more what you came here for. If you have business let it be known at once. What did you come here for?

Jakey. O, nuffin', I reckon.

Ed. You just now said you was sent here on particular business. Now what is that particular business?

Jakey. Yes, yes, dat's it, boss; you struck it without me telling you.

Ed. Why you impudent nigger, you. What do you mean? Are you crazy?

Jakey. Look here, white man, don't you hint such a thing as that agin' or I will smack you flat down.

Ed. (*rushes at him*) Now you little black rascal, you shall get out of this office or I'll pound your head off your body, you black hound you. (*takes hold of him*) Are you going to get out of this office?

Jakey. What more right has you got to stay here than I has, or any other 'spectable pusson of high color?

VICE VERSA.

Ed. Sir! I'll give you to understand that this is my house, and that I have a perfect right to put any one out that is not fit to stay inside of a pig-pen.

Jakey. Well den, boss, guess you had better push yourself out fust.

Ed. (*starts to push him out*) Get out of here.

Jakey. (*pulls out a big revolver*) Boss, don't come where you has got no 'vitation, or you might get de wrong kind of a 'ception. I gives you to understand dat I's no fool if I do happen to stand and talk with an idiot like you is. (*EDITOR moves towards him—JAKE puts revolver to his head*) Don't you come any closer. I tell you I'll blow yer brainless head clean off'n yer shoulders, sure. (*keeps running back*) Don't you come, I tole you. (*starts and runs around the stage—EDITOR follows him with clinched fist—JAKE snaps revolver at him*) Look out, boss, next time she'll go off sho and certain. (*cocks revolver at him*) Don't you come I tole you. (*runs*)

Ed. (*grabs him and shoves him out of room with a kick, L.*) Now don't you ever come back here again or I'll do you worse than that next time.

Jake. (*outside*) You'll hear from this sho.

Ed. It does look really shameful to have too kick a boy around in that kind of a manner, but I am a man that never could take much from a saucy young boy, and more especially from a nigger. I ought to have knocked him down and then stamped him until he could hardly live. I swear by the living—

Enter OLD NEGRO WOMAN, L.

Old W. Is you de proprietor ob dis office?

Ed. Yes, is there something I can do for you?

Old W. No, sah! but dar's somethin' I can do for you, an' I's goin' to be after doin' it, too, for sure.

Ed. Well, madam, if you think you are capable of doing anything for me, especially anything that will do me any good, just proceed with your work.

Old W. You just bet your old life it'll do you good so much dat you won't want to kick many more little innocent boys out'n your office, and especially a real nice little colored boy, of high breedin'.

Ed. If I understand you plainly, you are alluding to that little black rascal of a negro imp that came in here and began throwing his sauce at me—drew a revolver on me, and would have shot me if it had not been for the thing missing fire.

Old W. Yes, dat's what I was preludin' to.

Ed. If that is it, I guess that you might make use of that door there.

Old W. Which door?

Ed. That one. (*points L.*) Do you see it?

Old W. Yes, sah, I see de door—what 'bout it?

Ed. There is nothing about it, only I said I wanted you to make use of it, and that is precisely what I meant.

Old W. I kin just mighty quick make use of it, if I get in a notion, to.

Ed. Notion or no notion, I said for you to make use of that door, and I want you to get a move on yourself.

Old W. If dat's what you want me to do, guess I can mighty easy make use of it.

Ed. Well, move. I don't want to have to say another word to you, if you don't make a start I will start you myself.

Old W. All right, sah, I'll make use of it at once. *(takes him by the hair and drags him to the door and flings him out)* Guess he knows by dis time dat I can make use of a door when I take a notion to.

Goes to table and picks up a few things, rolls them up in handkerchief and exits.

Enter CHAS. BROWN, L.

Chas. Hello, guess Mr. Philips is not at home. Looks as though he hadn't been here for a week, by the way everything is strewn around the room. *(takes a seat)* I'll wait a while and he'll make his appearance. *(hears groans outside of door)* What's that? Sounds like the old fellow's voice. *(groans again)* Yes, sure as I live, that's the old man's voice. I will step out and see what's the matter. *(goes to door and sees the Editor)* Why, George, what does all this mean? *(brings him in and seats him in chair)*

Ed. I have been brutally assaulted, most brutally assaulted, with intent to kill.

Chas. I am surprised. Why, who was it, George?

Ed. A black rascal of a nigger boy came here and gave me some of his lip, and I fired him out. Shortly after his mother came in and dragged me out by the hair, and gave me several hard kicks and blows.

Chas. Well, I do declare, it's a real shame. Did you recognize the brutes?

Ed. Oh, yes. Have you published your paper for to-day yet?

Chas. No, I just stepped out to catch a few items to fill up what blank space I had. I will sit down and write it up.

(sits down at table)

Ed. Just write a note to the police headquarters, and have an officer sent here at once. I'll see if I can't be protected in my own house.

Chas. All right, George, I'll do it. *(writes note and reads)*

To Police Headquarters:

I have been brutally assaulted—with intent to kill, and you will please send an officer here at once and arrest the villains. I have them spotted.

Yours Respectfully,

GEO. PHILIPS, Managing Editor.

Chas. Well, I will now go down and have an account of this printed, and will also find a boy and have this delivered to headquarters.

Ed. All right; I hope they will send a man at once, for I am anxious to see them pay their fine for such work as this.

Chas. That's me, and I hope it will learn them a lesson.

(Exit, R.)

Enter OLD WOMAN and JAKEY, L.

Ed. What have you two rogues come back here for? Do you intend to murder me this time?

Old W. No, sah, we don't believe in killing people 'cause dey is a little crazy. We is goin' to send you off to de asylum.

Ed. I will be compelled to have you both arrested if you don't quit my house. Please step out and don't show yourselves again.

Old W. Yes, we'll see who steps out. Git yourself up and put dis dress on.

Ed. Madam, I don't and cannot understand what you mean. What shall I put this dress on for?

Old W. Don't ask any questions. Git up from dat chair and slip dis dress ober your head. (*gets dress ready*) Is you goin' to move?

Ed. I shall not put any dress on, you may just understand that.

Old W. Jakey, just set dat disolver to his head, and we'll see who's skinin' dis cat.

Ed. Madam, I forbid you staying in this house another minute—get out at once.

Old W. Now, den, put dis dress on or I'll make him blow your head off.

Ed. I will not do anything of the kind.

Old W. Jakey, pull dat trigger jist a little bit harder. (*Jakey gets a fooling with the pistol and pulls a little hard on the trigger and it goes off in the air*)

Ed. If you are going to kill me say so, and be done with it.

Old W. Well, dat's just what we will do for you if you don't put dis dress on. Put dis dress on now or I'll crack your head for you.

(*Editor puts dress on and stands glaring at the audience*)

Ed. Oh! oh!

(*groans*)
Old W. Now black dat face ob yours and den we'll let you be.

Ed. I will not black my face.

Old W. I guess I can do it better anyhow. Jakey, keep a straight pull on him, and if he moves an inch just gib him de contents ob every barrel.

She goes to work and blacks him, and then puts a large bonnet on his head, and ties his hands together—continues talking while she is doing this.

Old W. Now, Jakey, watch him while I go and get a man's suit.
(*Exit, L.*)

Jake. What will yer gib me to turn you loose and take them things offen you, boss?

Ed. I will give you most anything you ask.

Jake. How much money would you gib me?

Ed. Just any amount you say.

Jake. I'll take twenty—no, I will take fifty dollars.

Ed. I will give it to you as soon as you will undo my hands and let me get to it.

Jake. Now lookee heah, boss, is you lyin' 'bout dis matter or does yer mean what yer says.

Ed. I mean just every word I say. Do you think that fair.

Jake. Well, dat looks like it's fair enough for any gentleman.

Ed. Well, sir, if you think it's fair enough why don't you turn me loose, so I can get you your fifty dollars.

Jake. Just tell me where you keep it at, boss, so I can get it and save you the trouble.

Ed. No, you couldn't get it, it's in the safe and you don't know anything about the combination. Just let me loose and have the use of my hands and I'll get it for you in a very few seconds.

Jake. It's kinder 'fraid ter trust you, boss—'fraid you'll run off.

Ed. If I run off I'll give you my whole fortune. Now let me have the use of my hands and you shall soon have your fifty dollars.

Jake. Well now, boss, if you will swar dat you will not run off without givin' me de money, I'll let yer loose, but if you make de least kind of a break, down comes yer carcass.

Ed. Well, sir, I give you my word and honor I will do just what I said.

Jake. Heah goes den. (*begins untying his hands*) Look heah, boss, sure as yer run away I'll kill you in your tracks. (*sets him loose*) Now den git dat money and yer can go. (*gets revolver*)

Ed. All right, as soon as I get this key out of the drawer. (*opens drawer in table and gets out a revolver, cocks it and levels at negro*) Now, you black scoundrel, you, give me that revolver and then you skip from this office. Be quick, or I'll shoot your black head off.

Jake. Look heah, massa; good massa, what did you promise me fore I got yer loose?

Ed. It don't make any difference. You give me that revolver and take a skip. Do you hear?

(*goes towards him with drawn revolver*)
Jake. Look out, boss, I's goin' to shoot, I can't stand dis any longer. Took yourself back or I'll kill yer off.

Ed. Yes, we'll see who does the shooting. (*raises revolver to his head*) Now hand me that pistol.

Jake. Boss, I don't want to gib dis up, 'cause it's de only one I got.

Ed. You can either give it up or take th—

Enter OLD WOMAN, in man's costume, L.

Old W. Or he will do what? (*grabs his pistol—levels on EDITOR*)

Ed. Dear man, don't point that at me, for it is loaded and ready to go off.

Old W. Now you set yourself down and have your hands tied, and don't you move the least bit or I'll crack your head wid dis disolver.

Jake. (*ties his hands*) Now, den, I guess you won't fool me any more.

Enter POLICEMAN, R.

Policeman. Where is that crazy woman that was making all the trouble down here?

Old W. Dar she am. De massa jist left a minute ago, and tole me for to watch her, an' when you come hab you to to took her off.

Policeman. Well, I'll take charge of you—come along.

Ed. No, sir, I don't go with you. There sits—

Old W. Don't let her talk, it makes her wild to talk. Just draw a disolver on her and she'll go right along. I will help you, boss.

(*pulls revolver*)
Policeman. (*draws revolver on her*) Now, madam, you march along or I will put a hole through you, and that pretty soon too, for I have no time to fool with you. Come on, I say.

Ed. I will not come, for I am the man that—

Policeman. Shut up and come on.

Takes him by the hand and drags him out, while he is fighting and squalling. *OLD W. and JAKE dance round stage as the Curtain Falls.*

THE END.

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211. A Midnight Mistake. A melo-drama in 4 acts, by A. J. Munson, 6 males 2 females. It has a first class Negro character, as well as leading, heavy, Juvenile, and abounds in startling situations etc. Costumes modern—Place, the United States—Time of performance 1½ hours.

212. My Turn Next. A farce in one act, by Thomas J. Williams. All of this Author's plays are good, and this one has 4 males 3 females. Costumes modern. Scene easily arranged. Time 45 minutes.

213. The Vermont Wool Dealer. A farce in 1 act, 5 males, 3 females. Costumes modern. Interior scenes—A capital part for Yankee comedian, having also good Irish and Negro parts. It is a very popular farce. Time in playing, 45 minutes.

214. Chops. An Ethiopian farce in 1 act, by G. Shackell, 3 male characters. Chops is a negro servant for a young physician, has charge of the office in the doctors' absence—waits on his patrons, etc. Of course he makes many blunders which are laughable—Time 25 minutes.

215. On to Victory. Temperance Cantata in 1 scene, by Ida M. Buxton, 4 males 6 females, with chorus of boys and girls. Stage business plainly given and simple—can be produced on a platform with only curtains—no scenery being required. Old airs only used which are familiar to all. Time 30 to 40 minutes—Price 25 cents.

216. Vice Versa. An Ethiopian farce in one act, by M. S. Glenn, 3 male 1 female. One of the males is a negro—the female an old negro woman. Scene an Editor's office. The characters are all very funny, and the farce will keep an audience in roars of laughter. Time 30 minutes.

217. The Patent Washing Machine; or The Lover's Dilemma. An original farce in 1 act, by E. Henri Bauman, 4 males 1 female. This farce must be read to be appreciated. It is very funny, and the laughable situations it contains will bring down the house. Time 20 minutes.

218. Everybody Astonished. An original farce in one scene, by E. Henri Bauman, 4 male characters. A baker, a butcher, the baker's servant, and the butcher's servant are the characters. The farce is well named as everybody will be astonished who read it or see it played. Time 20 minutes.

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